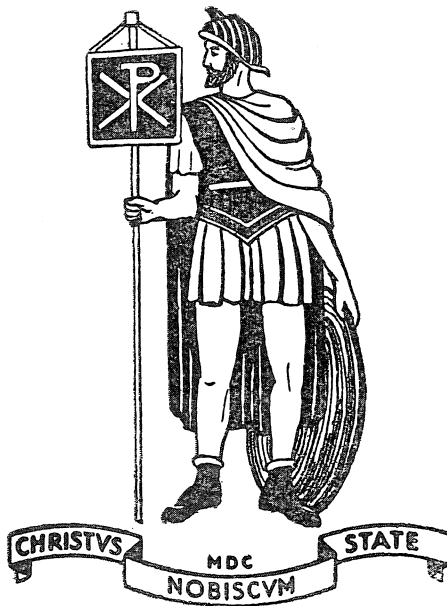


The

Alcester Grammar



School Record

July, 1957

Alcester Grammar School Record

No. 117

JULY, 1957

EDITOR : MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE :

Finnemore, Pinfield, Sale, Jill Burford, Gillian Clews.

SCHOOL REGISTER

VALETE

*Chandler, P. E. (VI), 1951-57.

Tilsley S. M. (VA), 1952-57.

Robinson, A. J. (VA), 1952-57.

Smith, S. A. (IIIA), 1954-57.

York, R. M. (IIIB), 1954-57.

* Prefect.

OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS

B. Goward has obtained his B.A. degree at Sheffield University, with second class honours in English.

* * * *

Barbara Berry (née Heighway) has recently gone to settle in Canada.

* * * *

Elvins Y. Spencer (scholar 1926-28), who left the school to go to Canada, has been back in England and recently paid the editor a short call with his wife and two children.

OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

PRESIDENT : J. Stewart.

TREASURER : Mrs. D. Taylor.

SECRETARY : C. Strain.

Summer Reunion

The Summer Reunion has been arranged for Saturday, July 20th. Tennis will be played during the afternoon, starting at 2.30 The evening's proceedings will begin at 7.30 with a short business meeting. The committee hope to see a large number present.

Dance

A dance is being organised to take place on September 13th in the Great Alne Memorial Hall. Further details of this will be communicated to Old Scholars later, when full arrangements have been made.

BIRTHS

- On April 1st, to Mr. and Mrs. D. C. K. Goode—a son.
On April 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Bladon (née Beryl Stallard)—a son.
On April 21st, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Gittus (née Jean Redfern)—a son.
On April 29th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Byrd (née Doreen Etsell)—a daughter.
On May 24th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Stanley (née Cherry James)—a son.

MARRIAGES

- On March 16th, at Ipsley, John Sivyer to Janet Oakes (scholar 1946-51).
On March 23rd, at Stratford-on-Avon, Peter Baker to Sheila Ann Perkins (scholar 1943-50).
On March 23rd, at Studley, Jack Wickens to Shirley Elizabeth Jones (scholar 1946-51).
On March 23rd, at Stratford-on-Avon, Sidney S. Wheatley to Vivien Anne Rogers (scholar 1941-47).
On March 30th, at Bidford-on-Avon, Geoffrey Baylis to Dorothy Joy Busby (scholar 1947-52).
On April 6th, at Shotton, Brian William Waters to Enid May Bennett (scholar 1949-54).
On April 20th, at Stratford-on-Avon, John Harris to Ada Doreen Amos (scholar 1944-50).
On April 27th, at Mappleborough Green, Geoffrey Boulton to Emily Josephine Carlyle (scholar 1941-46).
On April 27th, at Studley, Ronald John Barker to Annie Margaret Turner (scholar 1947-52).
On April 27th, at Abbots Morton, Philip John Laight (scholar 1945-49) to Sheila Anne Cresswell.
On June 15th, at Stratford-on-Avon, Peter Johnson Holdrich to Jean Anne Ebborn (scholar 1949-52).

DEATHS

- On March 23rd, at Alcester, Florence Kathleen Smith (scholar 1916-19).
On May 14th, at Inkberrow, Edward Henry Savage (scholar 1927-29).

NEVER AGAIN

One Saturday my friend and I were invited by two ardent fans to join them at a Speedway match in Birmingham. Thinking it would be a nice ride, and as we had nothing else to do on this afternoon, we agreed to go with them. Neither my friend nor I had ever been to a Speedway before, and we imagined it to be somewhat like a "scramble". But a shock was in store for us!

On arrival in Birmingham we looked vainly for a patch of grass in

this industrial town where a "scramble" could possibly be held. Then suddenly our companions yelled, "Here we are," and we were guided through turnstiles and into a huge stadium affair. "Gosh!" gasped my friend. "It's Wembley!" Everyone around us laughed, but I was just as flabbergasted as she.

After finding a suitable place to stand, I gazed around, hoping to see some motor-cycles somewhere, but all I could see was men clad in white overalls, marching up and down raking the track. By this time I was beginning to wish I had never come, and from the look on my friend's face I could see she was in complete agreement with me.

Gradually the stadium became crowded, and I began to feel the odd one out, for everyone else was dressed in jeans and jumpers and wearing goggles and crash-helmets.

At the time I thought how silly they looked, and I laughed inwardly to myself. But I was soon laughing the other side of my face, for a moment later the sound of engines was strumming in my ears and all the grit from off the track was flying all over me, and I felt terrible.

The crowd around us were going mad with excitement, but I couldn't see why. I couldn't tell one rider from another, anyway! They all looked the same to me, in a cloud of dust!

By the end of the match I had a headache, and my poor feet ached from standing so long. Yet all except my friend, of course, who had by this time dropped on the steps from exhaustion, seemed proud of their team's victory and were cheering madly for their favourite stars.

When I arrived home that evening I vowed I'd never visit a Speedway again as long as I lived, and as I lay in bed I could still hear those motor-cycles buzzing in my ears.

MARGARET SCOTT (Form VA).

THE ECLIPSE

On May 13th, 1957, a total eclipse of the moon took place. When I learned that it was due to start at about ten o'clock, and to finish between twelve o'clock and twelve-thirty, I began to have doubts as to whether my mother would be in a sufficiently lenient mood to allow me to watch. My request, cautiously asked and with the sweetest of smiles, was firmly turned down. I was determined, however, not to miss such an interesting spectacle, especially as the next total eclipse would be far away in the future, and who knows what may happen between then and now? I went upstairs and realised, with sudden joy, that the moon would be shining straight on to my bedroom window. Greatly pleased, I bade my mother a fond "Goodnight", receiving a rather suspicious glance, allayed by my exaggerated yawn and other signs of tremendous fatigue. Thus I was waiting at ten o'clock.

I could see the moon beginning to rise, and presently I noticed a small area being slowly obliterated by the dark, curved shadow. I watched with interest. But soon I realised that something was wrong.

The moon, or what was left of it, was no longer clearly discernible. Something large and opaque was barring the way. In vain I climbed on furniture, moved to various positions, and even leaned precariously out of the window. Suddenly I knew. Next door but one to us is the vicarage, and in the vicarage garden grow many tall fir trees. I was now becoming impatient and cold, for the night was chilly and the window open, and tiredness was overwhelming me, gradually diverting my interest towards bed.

Eventually the remaining thin sliver of moon reappeared, but those fir trees were very close together, and I did not observe much in a few minutes. Frustrated, I retired to bed, inwardly shaking an imaginary fist at vicars long-departed, who had found reason to fill the vicarage garden with fir trees. The eclipse must have been a most impressive sight to those who could see it clearly, and the night an astronomer's paradise, and, if I am still on this earth alive when the next one makes its appearance, I shall make sure that I am nowhere near the vicarage.

JULIET ROSS (Form IV_A).

A DAY AT SCHOOL

At about half-past eight a dreamy individual stands, or rather leans, at the bus stop. Only half-awake, he sees the school bus pull up, and he gets on. In half-an-hour he is at school, in the hall waiting for assembly. Someone shouts, "Stand still! Don't talk!" All the boys know who this is.

After assembly he hurries upstairs to the classroom for registration. Soon the first lesson begins. Then a still very sleepy boy is soon rudely awakened by a voice bellowing in his ear, "Are you with us this morning, Jones Minor?" "Y-yes, sir." "Well, then, wake up and do this problem." "Which one, sir?" "This one." "Yes, sir."

After half-an-hour's hard toil, Jones Minor gets relief, and he almost sleeps for the next hour. At break he is very much alive, but by the end he is once more beginning to doze off. The next lesson is history. (Oh, what a terrible bore!) He dreams of the kings and the queens they have "knocked-off" from 1066 to the war. He dreams of "William the Conk," and of a great many more, from the most ancient times to . . . "Wake up, Jones Minor, and take fifty lines."

After dinner our hero is feeling even sleepier. "Thank goodness it is Friday, and only one more lesson" (he thinks). He goes to the French room and sleeps, but is soon put to work. He talks to his neighbour—a dangerous trick. A loud voice says, "Detention, Jones Minor, you don't work enough." He slaves for an hour, so hard at his work, and when the bell goes he sits up with a jerk. "My work is all over once more" (he thinks). But what faces him when he gets home? A note: "Get your own tea and wash up." Alas! he must work, not forgetting his homework. Life is hard for a young student.

G. W. SORRELL (Form V_A).

OLLA PODRIDA

The Pied Piper, writes J.S., offered to pipe the rats out of the town for a thousand gliders.

* * * *

If you stuck a pin in Great Britain, according to F.W., it would come out in New Zealand.

* * * *

M.S. tells us that Jack Straw did not make so much noise when he led the pheasants' revolt in London.

* * * *

At its sharpest corner the width of the river, states M.M., is half an inch.

* * * *

We learn from P.C. that Miscnus had to be berried.

* * * *

I soon reached my destiny, asserts J.F.

* * * *

On the authority of W.W. we learn that nomadic herdsmen used to pasteurise their flocks.

* * * *

Boadicea, says A.J.E., used gorilla tactics against the Romans.

* * * *

The Olympic Games, according to G.R., consisted of five events called the Parthenon.

* * * *

R.T. says that the Merchant Shipping Act stated that ships were not to go out loaded. When they did this they either sank or reached port.

* * * *

This, reports D.T., had been going on from time immortal.

* * * *

Nearly all the Spitfires, L.T. writes, have now been scraped.

* * * *

J.S. uses a weak solution of water.

* * * *

In death I may rest in piece, writes L.D.

* * * *

M.L. remarks that she does not often bring lunch, and when she does she forgets it.

* * * *

Will C.M. tell us where to find river sauce?

* * * *

And P.F. show us a slab o frock.

* * * *

Who stayed away from school with a bilious tern?

* * * *

Ammonia, says R.W., is used to revive you when you are sub-conscious.

COUNTRY WAYS

I had been given a canary to look after whilst its owners were away, and one fine, warm day I took it out with me into the garden. There, in its cage parked on the garden seat, it revelled in the sunshine and sang its heart out all the afternoon. I could not help wondering what the other birds were making of it all.

Here was a song utterly unfamiliar to them. But they seemed to take it very much for granted, and not to think there was anything very unusual in the stream of liquid notes and trills from a bird as yellow as a field of buttercups.

Only one bird, in fact, seemed at all surprised, and considered the strangeness of the situation worth investigating. That was a robin. He hopped towards the cage a little uncertainly, cocking his head this way and that, and showing all the signs of hesitant curiosity.

Then, all of a sudden, the canary seemed to notice the robin's red breast. He glared at the robin through the bars of his cage as if to suggest that any bird sufficiently vulgar and vain to wear a red vest ought really to keep his distance. It was either that or jealousy—possibly both.

The canary then pointedly hopped round his perch, presenting a yellow back to the robin, and adopted such an aloof "down-your-beak" attitude that I almost felt I had to apologise for the canary's bad manners.

WENDY MORTON (Form VB).

A FISHY STORY

This year's fishing season has started again. Once more we bring out the rods and tackle, and remember the fish we nearly caught last year. New tackle has to be bought to replace the broken remnants of last year, and talking of this reminds me of the little shop in which my brother and I bought our first sea-fishing kit.

It was in Barry, last summer holidays. The days were sunny and the sea fairly calm. We knew that a special sort of tackle was required for sea fishing, and some friends advised us to go and buy it at the shop of Mr. D. Davies, in Barry.

We found the shop without much trouble. It was dark inside, and it took a moment for our eyes to become accustomed to the gloom. Then we saw a collection of everything one could think of to do with fishing and a lot one couldn't. My attention was attracted first to some writhings under a newspaper, on a bench at one side of the shop. Carefully lifting a corner of newspaper I saw some horrid-looking worms, covered in sand and very flat. I dropped the paper hastily.

Then an old man entered. He smiled and asked us what we wanted. He soon fixed us up with the required tackle; then he asked us where we proposed to fish. "Along the beach in Rhoose," my brother said. The old man nodded wisely and said it wasn't so bad there, but had we

tried any lake fishing in these parts? He then told us how he and a friend had taken a boat out on a certain lake to fish for trout one afternoon. After a while he felt a tug on his line, and on "striking" and reeling in had seen a "tree-e-e-mendous fish, at least this size," and his arms expanded gradually. "Did you get him?" I asked excitedly. "Oh, no. You see"—here I noted a twinkle in his eyes—"a fog came down sudden-like, and I was so startled I let him off." My brother grinned. "Fogs are common on the mountains round here, look you," the old man said, "but of course," he continued, "being from England, you wouldn't know that."

I smiled at him. "Not exactly from England. Daddy's from Rhondda," I said. The man looked disappointed for a moment, then he beamed and said, "Well, then you'll have heard that one before."

SHEILA SHEPPARD (Form IIIA).

A VISIT TO THE BARBER INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS

On Wednesday, 10th April, a mixed party of fourth, fifth and sixth formers, accompanied by Miss Hewitt and Miss Simm, made a trip to the Barber Institute of Fine Arts at Birmingham University.

The coach left Alcester at 1.30 p.m. and arrived at the Institute at 2.15 p.m. Immediately we were impressed by the size of the building, as we had been of the opinion that it was merely a one-roomed exhibition, and even the more rowdy members of our party were forced to tip-toe (or should we say slither?) over the highly-polished floors of the many galleries.

The few fifth formers who are taking Art in the G.C.E. then made a separate party, to study and make notes on various pictures for future reference.

One of the two pictures which impressed us most was the still-life study of "Silver and Fruit," by Jan de Heem. This is a composition of a silver cup, silver plate and some fruit. The fruit consisted of a juicy, half-peeled lemon, a bunch of appetizing grapes and a walnut. The other picture was "The Marriage Feast," by Murillo, the 17th century Spanish painter.

We were rather disappointed in the French Impressionists, because their paintings did not fulfil our expectations that Impressionist pictures are brightly coloured.

We were also interested in the paintings of a Dutch Boy, one of an Arab Horse, and another of a man holding a skull. We were surprised to see three frescoes, as these are painted on portions of wall. These had been transported from Assisi.

After studying these pictures for an hour we felt inspired to produce greater efforts at school.

The coach returned via Redditch and Studley to Alcester.

We would like to thank Birmingham University officials for allowing us to see the Institute when not open to the public.

DIANA ROBERTS and JANET CHATWIN.

SO MANY STEPS, BUT—

As I approached the huge building I was filled with awe. It seemed strange to be entering it through these small, unobtrusive swing doors, instead of by the usual huge, glass-panelled, chromium-plated ones.

Inside the doors was a small office, in which sat a large, florid-faced man, known to all as "Charlie," surrounded by some magazines, several bunches of flowers, a telegram, and a pile of badly-addressed letters. I explained why I was there, and having had a good look at me over his rather thick glasses, Charlie smiled kindly and advised me to wait.

I flattened myself against a wall as something hurtled down the narrow stairs and out through the swing doors, leaving behind it a doubtful echo—"Letter?" Charlie pushed his glasses a little farther up his nose, and smiled tolerantly.

A few minutes later a tall man, vainly trying to flatten his long, rough hair, walked hurriedly across the small space in front of the office, preceded by a short, fair-haired lady, with whom he had obviously not found favour. "But, darling, I couldn't get here earlier. I met . . ." The words floated back to me as the pair disappeared through yet another pair of swing doors.

At last I heard a steady footstep on the stone stairs. Here was the person who was to conduct me on the last stage of my journey. I followed her up several flights of stairs, and then along interminable corridors. Some of the latter were lined with huge stands, from which hung an immense variety of clothes: the magnificent attire of kings, the outfits of poor countrymen, the robes of great generals, the garments of the common people.

Now and then, as we turned a corner or rested for a second before starting up another flight of stairs, we met a whistling young man, clutching a small, buff-coloured book, or a smiling girl, laden with bucket bags.

Having once more passed through some swing doors, we entered a far more efficiently heated part of the building. I caught a glimpse of the river as we hurried past the wide windows. Looking to the right, I saw a series of doors, all bearing small, white cards on which were printed an interesting array of names, some being extremely unusual. Suddenly we stopped in front of a door on which the card bore one name only.

Here ended my journey from the stage-door to the Number One dressing-room. My feeling of awe changed to one of great pride when, seconds later, I shook hands with the actress who must surely be one of the finest in the world—Dame Peggy Ashcroft.

GILLIAN CLEWS (Form IV_A).

JUST AN ORDINARY MORNING

It was just an ordinary morning, not too hot, not too cold. The sun was doing its level best to break through the grey-white clouds up in the sky, while down below people were doing what they usually did on Saturday mornings—shopping, working and talking together.

Several vehicles passed down the High Street, heading for the traffic island, where most of them turned off north for Birmingham.

As I regarded the passers-by, meandering in and out of shops, a giant, articulated truck, relieved of its heavy burden of massive, uncut logs, rumbled slowly down the hill from a nearby timber-yard. As the driver swung his wheel to allow for a slight curve in the road, he had the shock of his life. For, as he looked out of his right-hand cabin window he saw, horrified, his own trailer overtaking him rapidly down the hill, and heading straight for a factory wall! Luckily, however, just before coming into contact with the doomed wall, the free towbar hit a bump, which swung the leading wheels in a complete right-angle and halted the trailer in its tracks.

The explanation was that the brake-cable on the trailer had become disconnected and the towbar had snapped. The damage, which was slight, was repaired and the driver resumed his disturbed journey, still on this calm, ordinary day.

D. LANCASTER (Form IV Δ).

ORCHID EXPEDITION

During the Whitsun holiday I went with my mother and sister to Stanton, near Broadway. We had a picnic lunch and then climbed Shenberrow Hill, which is nine hundred and ninety-six feet high.

The first orchid we found was growing all over the hillside. This was the spotted orchid. It had dark green leaves with darker spots on them, and cone-shaped pinkish-mauve flowers.

Near the top of the hill, in a field of long grass, we found some fragrant orchids. They had slightly smaller and darker flowers than the spotted orchid, and a very strong smell rather like lilac.

Just over the hill there was a large quarry. On the track leading into this there were several pyramidal orchids—bright rose pink, with the flowers growing in a pyramid, as the name suggests.

We returned to Stanton for tea and then drove to a wood some distance away. In the wood we found the tall butterfly orchid. It had large white flowers which really did look rather like butterflies. Growing with the butterfly orchid was the twayblade. This had a long stem, at the bottom of which there were two shiny oval leaves. The flowers were in a tall spike, and greenish in colour.

Last but not least we found the fly orchid. This is uncommon in the Midlands, and its height is between four inches and one foot. At intervals up the pale green stalk there are dark brown flowers shaped like queer insects with feelers. Behind the flowers are three green sepals sticking up like a star. We counted nearly two dozen of these wonderful plants; and returned home with a long, lasting memory of Nature's beauty.

HELEN JACKSON (Form II Δ).

HENRY

Walking through the fields on a hot and summer's day,
I chanced to see a little snake as on my path he lay.
As he heard me coming, he turned his little head,
And, sliding very quickly, into the grass he fled.

I picked him up and held him, but he didn't seem so glad,
Because I thought his little face looked somehow rather sad.
His coat was brown and shiny, his eyes were bright and black,
And he also had some scales upon his silky back.

I took him home to Mummy to see what she would say,
But all she said was, "Heavens, take him right away!"
So I put him in a box with water, grass, and soil,
And he lay down in a corner all wound up in a coil.

I thought I'd call him "Henry" because it suited him,
It was a better name, I thought, than Cuthbert, Will or Tim.
I showed him to my Father, but all that he could say
Was "Take it where it came from and leave it there to stay!"

So I took him slowly home to where he had been found,
And put him gently down upon the grassy ground.
I said "Goodbye" to Henry, but he didn't seem to care,
And so that is where I left him. I wonder if he's still there?

JUDITH TALLIS (Form IIIA).

A SUMMER EVENING BY THE SEA

The sun is gently dipping behind the rocky hills,
The grass is casting shadows like little dancing frills.
A tree waves like a featherbrush across the dusty sky,
A bird is slowly twittering to bid the day goodbye.
The foaming waves are sipping up each little grain of sand,
Disintegrating castles that were made by tiny hands.
The cliffs will soon be silhouettes against a starry sky,
The moon will soon be shining to welcome passers by.
In future days I'll recollect this peaceful, fading day,
The singing of the cricket and the distant smell of hay.

RITA TAYLOR (Form VB).

SOLITUDE

When all the golden sands are free
From people who, like you and me,
Do love to bask in summer sun,
Or after coloured beach-balls run;

When in the cool blue sea I can,
Without disturbing any man,
Both splash and swim, and dive, and shout,
And twist and turn like any trout;

When no-one at the village shop
Will queue to buy ice-cream and "pop."
And bareback dresses all give way
To dresses plain and "work-a-day";

When all the hustle, bustle, crush
Of crowds of people in a rush
Has disappeared, it seems to me,
That *this* is how the world *should* be!

ANNE ASHTON (Form IVA).

THE DAY THE DUKE SPOKE TO ME

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh came to Stratford I was very excited, as I was going to stand in the church with the rest of the bellringers. As they walked up the chancel, my knees began to

wobble with excitement, because I had never been so near to them before.

They went up to the altar to see Shakespeare's grave and then came back to see Saint Peter's chapel. As they were walking back, the Duke stopped and said, "Hello, and what do you do?" "I ring the bells," I replied, thrilled to think that the Duke of Edinburgh was really speaking to me. Then he asked, "How long have you been ringing, and which bell do you ring?" I told him that I rang the fourth bell and that I had been ringing for a year. Then he asked me how old I was, and I told him that I was thirteen. "Very interesting," he replied, and went out of the church.

Immediately he had gone the newspaper reporters came to me and I had to give a full account of all that he said, and how I had answered.

Then I asked Daddy to buy me some of the evening papers, and it was very thrilling to see my name in print.

SHEILA INGRAM (Form IIA).

IS SIXPENCE REALLY WORTH IT?

During the last scorching days of our holiday my sister, brother and myself decided we would return gorgeously tanned. We said we would pay sixpence to the first one with a golden brown skin. My sister, however, decided to decline the offer, because she is very fair-skinned, and the sun always makes her skin an unbecoming crimson. I stoutly declared that I *never* burn, and so my brother and I set out for our tan. We were to leave it for three days, and then judge.

Almost every moment of the day I could be found, flat out, in the glaring sun. I shrieked at anyone who dared to cast a shadow over me.

After two days I was quite proud of myself, although the nape of my neck was looking more red than brown. My brother, on pointing this out, was immediately silenced with my assertion that "it would soon be a beautiful brown!"

That night I had hardly any sleep for the burning, stinging pain of my neck. Naturally, I did not say a word to anyone, and no one had been in the bathroom to see how gingerly I had washed my neck!

At breakfast, however, my brother came to me and, proudly displaying his tan, pointed out to me the fact that I had only one afternoon in which to beat it—and gave me a brotherly smack, right in the nape of my neck!

As I howled with pain, I saw him grin, and as I dived for my purse and hastily offered him sixpence, saying that we would "call it a day," I saw that grin widen. Maddeningly he said, "Of course, Jan, you *never* burn!"

From now on, I want everyone to know that I *do* burn, and it *does* hurt.

JANET CHATWIN (Form VA).

NOTES AND NEWS

The Summer term began on Tuesday, April 30th, and ends on Friday, July 26th.

* * * *

Last term the picture for the tidiest form room was awarded to IIA.

* * * *

Two hockey matches were played last term between the girls' 1st XI and a boys' team; one match was won by the girls and one by the boys.

* * * *

The half-term holiday comprised Whit-week, Monday-Friday, June 10th to 14th.

* * * *

Sports Day is being arranged for Tuesday, July 23rd.

* * * *

Preliminary Sports heats for senior events were held during the week before half-term.

* * * *

On May 30th a party consisting mainly of fourth form pupils, with Miss Webley and Mr. Druller, visited the Memorial Theatre for a performance of "Julius Cæsar."

* * * *

The French oral examinations were held on June 3rd and 4th.

* * * *

The G.C.E. examinations started on June 24th and continue until July 18th.

* * * *

The School terminal examinations took place in the week beginning July 1st.

* * * *

This term we are saying goodbye to Miss J. Young (who has been a member of the Staff since September, 1945), Miss M. Norman, Mr. R. F. Tidmarsh, and Mrs. Jenkins. Our very best wishes go with them.

* * * *

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. G. R. Mason, which occurred on June 20th. Mr. Mason had been a member of the body of Governors for very many years, and succeeded Dr. R. H. Spencer as its chairman in 1943. He showed a most keen and active interest in all matters affecting the School, and everyone appreciated his unfailing attendance to preside at Speech Day and Sports Day gatherings. Our deep sympathy is extended to Mrs. Mason.

MILESTONES

Without the help of signposts and milestones that stand beside our highways, modern road transport would operate under a severe handicap. Although many milestones were removed in 1940, in case of invasion, most of them have now been replaced.

Many of these milestones merit historic preservation as historic relics. Their story goes back two thousand years. The earliest in Britain are believed to have been set up alongside the roads built by the Romans, and one of the oldest examples still standing is between Corbridge and Carlisle. It was erected one thousand six hundred years ago to help the Roman legions travelling to and from the forts along the Roman wall.

London has a souvenir in the same category as the Corbridge Roman milestone. This is the famous London Stone in Cannon Street, the central point from which the distances along Roman roads in Britain were measured.

The heyday of the milestone in Britain did not arrive until stage-coaching became general. In the eighteenth century stones used to be carved and also bore the distances to the nearest church, like the one near Branhope (Leeds), which tells the mileages to Burley, Ilkley and Addingham churches. Sometimes abbreviations are used, as on several stones in Wiltshire, where Sarum is carved instead of Salisbury. But the height of brevity seems to have been achieved in the New Forest by a mason who inscribed 2B on one side of that stone and 4B on the other, leaving wayfarers to figure out for themselves that it indicated two miles to Beaulieu and four miles to Brockenhurst.

A peculiarity about certain milestones in the Settle district of Yorkshire to-day is that they indicate the distances to Halifax, in the industrial West Riding. They are relics of the era when wool was spun and woven in Dales' cottages, the cloth then being sent to Halifax to be sold.

In some localities old mounting blocks have been adapted as milestones by having a plate attached to them. These still remain, but the life of the milestone is nearing its end.

C. D. SPALDING (Form VB).

AN UNUSUAL VISITOR

One day in early September my mother was sitting in the lounge reading a magazine. I was out, and my father was gardening. A faint scratching noise came to my mother's ear, and she looked up just in time to see a small brown field-mouse dart across the room. My mother, who is terrified of mice, jumped up and ran out, shutting the door behind her. When I came home some few minutes later I was told the story, and I entered the room and carefully shut the door behind me. I hunted around for several minutes, but in vain. I went out. My father's suggestion when told was, "Put the dog in there." This we did, but all the dog did was to curl up and go to sleep.

We did not see the mouse again for several days, and we thought that my mother had imagined the whole episode.

However, three days later my mother had some people in to coffee. In the middle of the little party who should appear but the little mouse. It came out and sat washing its face and blinking at the company. One dear old lady said, "Shall I catch him, my dear?" So, armed with the poker, she scouted round the room, but without success.

The next afternoon someone carelessly left the lounge door open. That evening my mother and I went to church. During our absence who should appear on the threshold of my father's study but the field-mouse, whom we had nicknamed Freddie. He ran round and round the table until he came upon a box of pencils. He picked one out and rolled it about. My father retrieved the pencil and restored it to its proper place. Again Freddie took the same pencil out, and my father put it back. Finally, Freddie climbed up the curtain and was let out of the window.

"Gone for ever," my mother said when we returned, with a sigh of relief. But I am not so sure he had gone for ever, because last night I found a mouse dead at the bottom of my bed. Could it be the same one?

ROSEMARY PATTERSON (Form IV_A).

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

Not long ago a friend's little boy came home from school and said to his mother, "Mummy, what's a good heifer?" His mother thought this was a funny thing to say, but she replied, "I believe it is a young cow or a cow that has not had a calf." The little boy pondered for a while, and then said, "No, that's not it, Mummy; the teacher said I had made a good heifer." His mother could not make out what he meant, and then she suddenly realised that he had misunderstood the teacher when she had told him he had made a good *effort*. It is surprising how many children (grown-ups as well, for that matter) can misunderstand just one word, and it can make the comment sound quite silly.

VALERIE ROSS (Form III_B).

THE WOOD

The day dawned bright and clear, and I rose early. My dog came at a run when I whistled for him, and we set off to my friend's house. He was sitting on his doorstep, whistling cheerfully, waiting for us. We set off down the small path covered with pine-needles, and with the smell of sweet honeysuckle in the air. The larks rose from the cornfields, giving incessant song, and the small sparrows twittered in the hedgerows. With the sun increasing in warmth, and a slight breeze blowing, we entered the wood.

Here all was peaceful and lay bathed in sunlight, except where the trees cast deep shadow. Once in the wood, we made our way to the lake, accompanied by a small band of gnats which had attached themselves to us. The lake lay glittering in the sunlight, and small wavelets broke upon its shore. Fish could be seen from time to time catching the small midges which flitted about above the water.

Now came the time when we must retrace our steps homeward, and on the way, quite by accident, I discovered a female pheasant on her nest. This nest was made of leaves and dry ferns, and, on further observation, we saw it contained six beautiful olive-brown eggs. Then, after an interesting and eventful walk, we returned home.

D. G. WATSON (Form II_B).

A CROWDED MORNING

The examination was on a Saturday morning at ten o'clock. We meant to start out at a quarter past nine, but as Dad was starting the car the choke wire broke. Dad got out, muttering under his breath, and opened the bonnet to see what could be done. After a few minutes he closed the bonnet with a slam and said that he thought it would start. To my relief the engine burst into life, and we all got in before it had a chance to stop again.

We were passing through Studley when I suddenly felt that I had forgotten something. It was the card which enabled me to take the examination. I asked Mum whether she had got the card, but she had not. Dad, muttering under his breath, again turned the car round, and we were soon heading back towards Alcester.

When we were outside our house I jumped out and dashed inside. The card was on the shelf. I snatched it up and dashed out, forgetting to lock the door. I ran back, locked the door, and jumped into the car. Soon we were heading back towards Redditch.

We arrived with just two minutes to spare. I was shown into a room crowded with very nervous parents, telling their children not to worry. It seemed to me that the children were not worried at all.

Soon we were shown into the examination room. I found my place and sank into the chair. I am glad I do not have a music examination every Saturday morning.

R. J. CANNING (Form IIIA).

THE SILENT INTRUDER

In the small town of Huntington the church clock struck twelve; everything was quiet and still after the hustle and bustle of the day. Outside the largest store in the town, known as "Tony's," a policeman was treading his beat. He stopped at the large glass doors of the store to see if they were properly locked. Convinced that they were, he continued on his beat. But, although the doors of "Tony's" were locked, someone was prowling around inside the store.

It was not the manager who was prowling around inside, nor any of the staff; they had gone home hours ago. There was only one solution—a burglar! Only a burglar would use thick gloves to open a safe. With trembling hands he stuffed pound notes and five-pound notes into a brief case. He looked about him nervously, and beads of sweat stood out clearly on his forehead. Suddenly he froze as he heard a noise behind him. He put his hand into his raincoat and drew out a revolver. Slowly he turned. He could not see anything. Then, from the left of him, came the faint "Miaow" from the store's cat. With a sigh of relief he pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his forehead. Quickly, but noiselessly, he closed the brief case. Then with slow footsteps he left, as silent as he had come, unchallenged and undetected.

J. BENNETT (Form VB).

THE CAT AND THE BALLOON

The morning after the party I was standing at the door looking at the only remaining balloon, when through the window jumped Whisky, our cat. Of course she put out a playful paw, and when the balloon danced away she went after it, but this time she saw the smiling face painted on it. Now Whisky, thinking it was laughing at her, got very angry. So she put her ears back and went after it angrily, but it still danced away. She went after it again, but knocked her head on the stool as she swung past. At first she was rather giddy, but she soon recovered.

While this was happening she had lost sight of the balloon, which was floating above her head. When she saw it she put out her paw, but missed again. So she scampered after it again, and this time she hit it! At first this frightened her, but when she saw me watching her she turned round, pushed her tail up and walked proudly away.

WENDY BLAKE (Form IB).

AT THE BATHS

During the holidays some friends of my parents decided they would go to the swimming pool and take their two young sons. This idea was greeted with great joy by the two youngsters. After having an early lunch they caught the bus and eventually arrived at the baths.

Being unsure of how the younger child would react, as he had not been to such a place before, the father decided not to get changed until later. He gave the elder boy his swimming trunks, which had just been bought, and told him to hurry. A few minutes later there was a great upset and, going to investigate, found the boy in tears, and the trunks much too big. He went back out for a pin from his wife and then discovered that in his hurry he had given his own trunks to his young son to wear.

CYNTHIA HIGLEY (Form IVB).

THE GHOST'S RETURN

A howling dog,
A squeaking mouse,
A ghostly sound,
In a haunted house.

A creaking noise
By a tree in the park;
An earsplitting screech
From an owl in the dark.

A weird noise made
By a prowling cat;
A shadow cast
By a circling bat.

Up to the house
From out of the wood,
The old ghost slipped
And was home for good.

MARGARET POPE (Form IIA).

THE ADVENTURES OF A CAT

Not so long ago daddy brought a kitten home with him. The kitten was one of fifteen or sixteen farm cats, some of which were to be destroyed. He is very tame and is a tabby tom-cat, who we call Pip. After crying for his friends, he soon settled down.

His first real adventure (after chasing and killing a few butterflies) was when he found himself stuck on a neighbour's shed roof. We don't know how he got up there, but he cried and cried, and in the end we tempted him down. Since then he has chased bees and wasps, two of which have stung him.

He has a very strong enemy in the form of a black and white cat. Whenever the two meet, or the black and white cat gets on (or near) his territory, Pip hisses and snarls and runs off for a fight. One day, after one such fight, Pip came home with blood on his bottom lip, which showed that he had had the worst of that fight.

Another time he tried to chase a mouse up a narrow pipe, but he found out that it was too narrow and he had a job to get out. He once climbed a tree in which there was a deserted nest, and he was in a position so that he looked as if he was sitting on the nest trying to hatch imaginary eggs. After chasing a frog, he recently found a bird in our shed which was still alive. After getting Pip out we let the blackbird free.

Without our ever-hungry cat (even after a good meal) life would be very dull. Even though he is very mischievous, he can be sweet, innocent and very lovable, especially in the evening. But sometimes when we want him he plays truant. Still, I suppose it's a cat's life.

JANE EBORALL (Form IIB).

AN INTERESTING JOB

One Saturday morning my friend and I set out to watch some men doing an interesting job—that of constructing a pylon, one of those which form a line starting at Coventry and passing through the village in which I live.

When we reached the pylon, the workmen were just putting the finishing touches to the top before hauling up the great arms. You can imagine, when seeing the arms in position, how large they must have looked on the ground.

A little motor hauled the arms up by means of a long, thick wire rope (with a loop at the end) which was passed over a pulley at the top of the pylon, and back to the ground, where the loop was slipped over the pointed end of the arm. This was made secure by many long, thick ropes. When the motor was switched on, the arm was slowly hauled upwards to where it was going to be placed. Altogether there were six of the arms on the completed pylon.

When we left the pylon we could hear the workmen's hammers ringing "ghostily" on the air, as they made secure every part of the pylon.

MARILYN HAYDON (Form IIA).

MY JACKDAW

One day I had a baby jackdaw given me which had hardly any feathers, and certainly could not fly. I put the jackdaw into a cage and fed it well with soft food, and when older with minced meat and other titbits.

As I kept the jackdaw it grew tamer, and after several weeks would fly onto my arm. This was the time that we thought he had better go, as he was quite big and still growing. I took him out of the cage and he flew several times round the neighbourhood, and then as I began to walk away, I felt something hit my shoulder and, looking round, I saw the jackdaw perching on my shoulder and blinking as if to say: "You won't get rid of me that easy." Of course after that we wanted to keep him.

Every day we would let him fly around, and he would return to his cage at night. When my mother went outside to hang out the washing he would perch on her shoulder, or even on her head.

I used to have fun with my jackdaw, and I am sure everybody else did, too. I would perch him on a fence or wall and then run away into a field, but after a few seconds he would be swooping down and then land on me.

Some people say that jackdaws are thieving rogues, and I quite agree with them. Several people complained of a missing brooch, ring or spoon, and after a search we would find them all stacked away in a dark corner with the jackdaw. But people did not mind; they blamed themselves for leaving their bedroom windows open.

My mother always used to let the jackdaw out after I had gone to school, but for once she did not. I was rather late that morning, and I was running for the bus when the jackdaw flew down on to me. I put him down and got into the bus, and to the astonishment of everybody he landed on top of the bus, but then flew off when the bus started.

D. BROOK (Form IIB).

DO THEY KNOW?

The birds that nest high up in trees,
The blackbird and the crow,
When I am watching them from earth
I wonder if they know.

The insects crawling on the ground,
The beetle, spider, ant,
Must think when I go running by
I'm something like a giant.

The animals we keep for pets,
The dog and cat, or bird,
When I dress up for going out,
Must think it's quite absurd.

The fish that swim in deep, blue sea,
The haddock, trout or cod,
When trawler ships go floating by,
They're sure to think it's odd.

LINDA SAVAGE (Form IIA).

Vith FORM NOTES

The artists fully realise that in writing the present Six Form Notes they have an unfair advantage in that the Science Sixth, deemed unworthy to occupy Room 4 for three years, will be unable to reply in kind. They therefore sportingly elect to make full use of this advantage.

However, it is not easy to do so. The Scientists, worried by forthcoming advanced level exams., have been strangely silent. True, one of them propelled a ball through a canteen window which he had absent-mindedly omitted to open, in order to remind their more peaceful and learned colleagues of their semi-existence, but for the most part they have been mercifully and atypically quiet.

Therefore, with Artists wading through vast quantities of work, the term has been peaceful. A gloomy vision of innumerable three-hour exams. hangs over everyone; accordingly peace reigns, save when perhaps a 'phone bell rings in someone's memory, and laughter, vile, noisy and immoderate, pervades the restless spirits, or the memory of some ill-spent night's dancing causes a blush on the part of a member of the elite.

And so we come to the last complaint of the Artists. Why do scientists have to leave huge piles of wire and metal on lockers, to be knocked off, kicked, trodden on, cursed and flattened by persons far more interested in legitimate work included in the syllabus? If the Scientists have to build, or try to build, toy puffers, or whatever they are, surely they can do so at home!

D. E. SALE (Form VI_A).

NATIONAL SAVINGS

"The time has come," the Walrus said, "to talk of many things." His motives were ulterior, and his actions reprehensible, but his words remain appropriate. In a somewhat reminiscent mood it is difficult to concentrate on facts and figures. Indeed, I can hardly realise that this is the last report that I shall be making for National Savings in this School, such is force of habit!

It is, however, with a certain degree of satisfaction that I am able to state that we appear to have created a record year. The new system of Form Secretaries which we introduced at this time last year has thoroughly justified its inception. Since the commencement of the Autumn Term last year, to the moment of writing in June, 1957, we have saved £611, which represents an average weekly saving of approximately £19. This is clearly a most creditable achievement, and many thanks are due to those members who have undertaken this voluntary work in the school, and to those savers who have so nobly responded to their efforts.

To Ann Freeman, who has been a most conscientious and efficient Savings Prefect, I would say how grateful I have been for her help, and

to Alma Taylor, who has promised to be responsible next term, our very best wishes for a successful year of office.

Finally, may I say how much pleasure it has given me personally to see this Group progressing from strength to strength so that it has by now an organisation of which the School may be truly proud. May our efforts this year provide both a challenge and an inspiration to those who will follow. Every good wish to you all for the future, and may whoever succeeds me as Honorary Secretary find as much happiness in the work as I have done.

MISS YOUNG.

CHESS CLUB

Secretary : Bailey.

Treasurer : White.

In last term's league Thornton was first and Bailey second, obtaining 69 and 68 points respectively out of a possible total of 80 points, Day and Sheppard sharing third place.

This term's league has been arranged in three divisions, with seven players in each division, the top seven in the last league being in the first division, and so on. Each player plays all the opponents in his division twice, and at the end of the term the top two in the second and third divisions will be promoted to the division above, while the bottom two in the first and second divisions will be relegated to the one below.

We are also holding our usual knock-out competition this term, and the new chess ladder has been reorganised according to the positions in the old league.

M. BAILEY.

COUNTRY DANCE SOCIETY

Treasurer : C. Down.

Secretary : J. Holt.

Committee :

J. Barnsdale, C. Burton, E. Gregory, M. Hemming, P. Hygate.

With the onset of flaming June, we in the Country Dance Society decided we ought to take steps to enjoy the lovely summer weather. So we decided to dance in the traditional English way—on the green. In order to obtain the music from the gramophone outside, a longer length of flex was bought. To help to add to the enjoyment with the Senior Country Dance Society Section, the Junior Country Dance Section have joined us.

At the end of this term we hope to hold the summer party outside if the sunshine continues.

J. HOLT.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

President : Lewis.

Social Secretary : M. Thomas.

Treasurer : Sale.

Secretary : M. James.

During the summer term the Dramatic Society has continued its weekly Friday afternoon activities.

One of this term's most entertaining afternoons took the form of a talent competition, arranged by Ross and Harris. This afternoon was most enjoyable and showed much ingenuity and originality on the part of many of our members. The winner of the competition was Sale, who wore fancy dress and gave a most unusual rendering of "I'm walking backwards for Christmas"; and the runner-up was Eileen Moore, who sang two songs from "Carousel." Among the other competitors worth note were Russell, who recited "Albert and the Lion," Janet Wilshaw and Elizabeth Coveney, who gave a recorder duet, and a group of Vb boys who formed a skiffle group.

This term the Dramatic Society has to say "Goodbye" to Miss Young, our organiser. On behalf of all past and present members of the society I would like to take this opportunity to thank Miss Young for the interest she has taken in the society and all the time she has given to our activities. We are most grateful for her help and would like to wish her every happiness in her new position.

MARY JAMES.

A.G.S. PLATOON, 7/11 BATTALION, ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT

Training has continued very well in the unit during the past months and thus the efficiency of the platoon has increased.

Corporal Batchelor, L./Corporals Bridgman and Dale gained Certificate "A," Part II, at the Regimental Depot, Budbrooke Barracks, Warwick, on December 2nd, 1956. L./Corporals Bridgman and Dale were subsequently promoted to Corporal.

During the Easter holidays, L./Corporal Nutbeem attended a week's course at Kinnel Park Camp and successfully took Certificate "T" examination in Mechanical Transport.

On June 6th a contingent joined the Battalion on parade in Coventry on the occasion of the visit of Princess Margaret.

During the week-end June 15th-16th, Sergeant Hartill went with the Queen's Own Warwickshire and Worcestershire Yeomanry to the R.A.C. Gunnery School at Lulworth as an observer during the practice shoot.

The Battalion annual camp has been arranged for July 28th—August 4th at Trawsfydd, near Barmouth. Quite a number of the platoon will be attending.

SERGEANT HARTILL.

ROUNDERS

Captain : J. Burford.

Vice-Captain : M. Scott.

Secretary : J. Bullock.

The rounders teams have been very keen this term, and fielding and hitting after much practice are beginning to reach a higher standard.

The first team to date have only lost one of five matches, this being against Chipping Campden. We hope very much to avenge this defeat in the return match later in the term.

The second team, unfortunately, has not had the same success so far. Hitting seems to be the chief problem of both teams, and much practice is needed here.

The 1st IX has been represented by M. Scott, C. Down, M. Rogers, M. Wilks, E. Smith, A. Ashton, S. Dyson, M. Hemming, E. Gregory, J. Burford and C. Smith.

The 2nd IX has been represented by E. Jenkins, J. Duxbury, M. Price, W. Wright, J. Pirie, E. Coveney, J. Biddle, C. Smith, R. Wright, J. Banks, S. Ingram, S. Pinder.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st IX v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), won, 4½—½.
 „ v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 2—10½.
 „ v. Studley College (home), won, 14—0.
 „ v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 6½—3.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won, 9—0.
 A.G.S. 2nd IX v. Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), lost, 2—5
 „ v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 3—13½.
 „ v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost, 2—5½.
 A.G.S. Under-15 IX v. Wroxhall Abbey (away), won, 4—2.

CRICKET

Captain : Lewis i.

Vice-Captain : Pinfield.

The side this season is a combination of experience and youth. Practices have produced a quite strong side, but there are still some weak links. There seems to be a marked absence of left-hand batsmen and slow spin bowlers in the school.

Of the three games so far played, a good win was recorded at Campden, for the first time in several seasons. The School played the Old Scholars, but the match was drawn. At Evesham we suffered our first defeat, following a poor batting display by our batsmen.

However, the all-round standards have improved, and we hope to continue last year's successes.

RESULTS

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 70 for 4—68 for 9 dec.
 „ v. Old Scholars (home), drawn, 76 for 8—102 for 7 dec.
 „ v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 30—31 for 3.

R. LEWIS, *Secretary*.

THE SCOUT TROOP

This term we have spent most of our time out of doors. Several huts have been built from natural materials, and we have had several cooking competitions.

During Bob-a-Job Week the Troop earned £7 7s. 3d., the individual best being £1 by R. Foster, of the Panther Patrol.

The Troop now owns two tents and two rucsacs, which we hope to use for hiking during the summer term.

Bamfield has now gained his Scout Cord and is representing the West Warwickshire area at the World Scout Jamboree at Sutton Park.

We would like to record our appreciation of the work put in by Brian Merris, who has been our Troop Leader for the last two years, and to wish him well in the future.

TENNIS

Captain : M. Lowe.

Vice-Captain : J. Holt.

Only two of last year's team remained, and in consequence we have experimented this term with a young and inexperienced team. We have played most of our matches so far away, and on hard courts, which we feel has partly accounted for our mixed successes.

The younger members of the team will have gained experience, however, and they certainly show promise for the coming seasons.

We hope to be more successful in our future matches this term, most of the fixtures being at home. The 1st VI has been represented by M. Lowe, J. Holt, C. Baylis, J. Barnsdale, E. Ison, B. Jones and H. Pardoe.

RESULTS

A.G.S. 1st VI *v.* Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 4—5.

.. *v.* Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost, 2—7.

.. *v.* Redditch C.H.S. (home), won, 7—2.

.. *v.* Studley College (home), lost, 0—9.

.. *v.* Wroxall Abbey (away), lost, 1—5.

.. *v.* Hugh Clopton S.M.S. (away), won, 7—2.

AEROMODELLING CLUB

A number of interesting models have been constructed and tested. Several members own small diesel engines and usually use up the fuel in testing the engine; this is generally performed outside because of the engine noise. One model is to be on "line-control" and fly in a circle.

The radio section has constructed a "theremin," a device for producing notes of various frequencies, controlled by capacity. The capacity is varied by movements of the hands. A photo-electric cell has been used for a "burglar alarm." Finnemore has adapted a "hearing aid" into a small radio receiver; this has proved invaluable during the Test match, when members of the Staff desired to have the latest "score."

SUPPLEMENTARY RESULTS

The following items complete the results of winter games:—

FOOTBALL

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. King's Norton G.S. (home), lost, 0—3.
 „ v. Old Scholars (home), lost, 0—2.
 A.G.S. Under-15 XI v. King's Norton G.S. (home), lost, 0—3.
 „ v. Bidford S.M.S. (home), lost, 0—2.
 „ v. Studley S.M.S. (home), drawn, 2—2

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
A.G.S. 1st XI	13	7	1	5	41	33
A.G.S. Under-15 XI	16	3	5	8	28	62

(Football colours were awarded to Rouse, Gill and White.

HOCKEY

- A.G.S. 1st XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), won, 1—0.
 „ v. Studley College (home), drawn, 3—3.
 „ v. Worcester T.C. (home), drawn, 2—2.
 „ v. Worcester G.G.S. (away), lost, 0—2.
 „ v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—4.
 A.G.S. 2nd XI v. Chipping Campden G.S. (away), lost, 0—7.
 „ v. Worcester G.G.S. (away), lost, 1—4.
 „ v. Redditch C.H.S. (away), lost, 0—9.

ANALYSIS

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals	
					For	Against
A.G.S. 1st XI	16	5	2	9	17	35
A.G.S. 2nd XI	10	—	—	10	8	65

Hockey colours were awarded to J. Dugmore.

NETBALL**ANALYSIS**

	Played	Won	Lost
A.G.S. 1st VII	6	3	3
A.G.S. 2nd VII	4	1	3

Netball colours were awarded to C. Down and J. Dugmore.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per copy : One shilling and a penny.

By post : Four shillings, post free, payable in advance, for any three consecutive issues.